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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.  
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### Time Table

The steamers of this line will arrive and leave this port as hereunder:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.	
Sierra	September 13
Alameda	September 23
Sonoma	October 5
Alameda	October 14
Ventura	October 26
Alameda	November 4
Sierra	November 16
Alameda	November 27
Sonoma	December 7
Alameda	December 18

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.	
Sonoma	September 13
Alameda	September 23
Ventura	October 4
Alameda	October 19
Sierra	October 25
Alameda	November 9
Sonoma	November 15
Alameda	November 30
Ventura	December 6
Alameda	December 21

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R. A. LUCAS & CO.

# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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"Sins going to break!" shouted Thorpe, starting on a run toward the river. "A chain, quick!"

The men followed, strung high with excitement. Hamilton, the journalist, paused long enough to glance up stream. Then he, too, ran after them, screaming that the river above was full of logs. By that they all knew that Injun Charley's mission had failed and that something under 10,000,000 feet of logs were racing down the river like so many battering rams.

At the boom the great jam was already a-tremble with eagerness to spring. Indeed a miracle alone seemed to hold the timbers in their place.

"It's death, certain death, to go out on that boom," muttered Billy Mason. Tim Shearer stepped forward coolly, ready as always to assume the perilous duty. He was thrust back by Thorpe, who seized the chain, cold-shut and hammer which Scotty Parsons brought and ran lightly out over the booms, shouting:

"Back! Back! Don't follow me, on your lives! Keep 'em back, Tim!"

The swift water boiled from under the booms. Bang! smash! bang! crashed the logs a mile up stream, but plainly audible above the waters and the wind. Thorpe knelt, dropped the cold-shut through on either side of the weakened link and prepared to close it with his hammer. He intended further to strengthen the connection with the other chain.

"Lemme hold her for you. You can't close her alone," said an unexpected voice next his elbow.

Thorpe looked up in surprise and anger. Over him loomed Big Junko. The men had been unable to prevent his following. Animated by the blind devotion of the animal for its master and further stung to action by that master's doubt of his fidelity, the giant had followed to assist as he might.

"You fool," cried Thorpe, exasperated, then held the hammer to him. "Strike while I keep the chain underneath!" he commanded.

Big Junko leaned forward to obey, kicking strongly his corks into the barked surface of the boom log. The spikes, worn blunt by the river work already accomplished, failed to grip. Big Junko slipped, caught himself by an effort, overbalanced in the other direction, and fell into the stream. The current at once swept him away, but fortunately in such a direction that he was enabled to catch the slanting end of a "dead head" log whose lower end was jammed in the crib. The dead head was slippery, the current strong. Big Junko had no crevice by which to assure his hold. In another moment he would be torn away.

"Let go and swim!" shouted Thorpe. "I can't swim," replied Junko in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible.

For a moment Thorpe stared at him. "Tell Carrie," said Big Junko.

Then there beneath the swirling gray sky, under the frowning jam, in the midst of flood waters, Thorpe had his second great moment of decision. He did not pause to weigh reasons or chances, to discuss with himself expediency or the moralities of failure. His actions were foreordained, mechanical. All at once the great forces which the winter had been bringing to power crystallized into something bigger than himself or his ideas. The trail lay before him; there was no choice.

Now clearly, with no shadow of doubt, he took the other view: There could be nothing better than love. Men, their works, their deeds, were little things. Success was a little thing, the opinion of men a little thing. Instantly he felt the truth of it.

And here was love in danger. That it held its moment's habitation in clay of the coarser mold had nothing to do with the great elemental truth of it. For the first time in his life Thorpe felt the full crushing power of an abstraction. Without thought, instinctively, he threw before the necessity of the moment all that was lesser. It was the triumph of what was real in the man over that which environment, alienation, difficulties, had raised up within him.

At Big Junko's words Thorpe raised his hammer and with one mighty blow severed the chains which bound the ends of the booms across the opening. The free end of one of the poles immediately swung down with the current in the direction of Big Junko. Thorpe, like a cat, ran to the end of the boom, seized the giant by the collar and dragged him through the water to safety.

"Run!" he shouted. "Run for your life!"

The two started desperately back, skirting the edge of the logs which now the very seconds alone seemed to hold back. They were drenched and blinded with spray, deafened with the crash of timbers settling to the leap. The men on shore could no longer see them for the smother. The great crush of logs had actually begun its majestic sliding motion when at last they emerged to safety.

At first a few of the loose timbers found the opening, slipping quietly through with the current; then more. Finally the front of the jam dove forward, and an instant later the smooth, swift motion had gained its impetus and was sweeping the entire drive down through the gap.

Blank after blank, like soldiers charging

ing, they ran. The great fierce wind caught them up ahead of the current. In a moment the open river was full of logs jostling eagerly onward. Then suddenly far out above the uneven tossing sky line of Superior the strange northern "loom," or mirage, threw the specters of thousands of restless timbers rising and falling on the bosom of the lake.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THEY stood and watched them go.

"Oh, the great man! Oh, the great man!" murmured the writer, fascinated.

The grandeur of the sacrifice had struck them dumb. They did not understand the motives beneath it all, but the fact was patent. Big Junko broke down and sobbed.

After a time the stream of logs through the gap slackened. In a moment more, save for the inevitably stranded few, the booms were empty. A deep sigh went up from the attentive multitude.

"She's gone!" said one man, with the emphasis of a novel discovery, and groaned.

Then the awe broke from about their minds, and they spoke many opinions and speculations. Thorpe had disappeared. They respected his emotion and did not follow him.

"It was just plain foolishness, but it was great," said Shearer. "That no account jackass of a Big Junko ain't worth as much per thousand feet as good white pine."

Then they noticed a group of men gathering about the office steps, and on it some one talking. Collins, the bookkeeper, was making a speech.

Collins was a little hunched faced man, with straight, lank hair, near-sighted eyes, a timid, order loving disposition and a great suitability for his profession. He was accurate, unemotional and valuable. All his actions were as dry as the sawdust in the burner. No one had ever seen him excited. But he was human, and now his knowledge of the company's affairs showed him the dramatic contrast. He knew. He knew that the property of the firm had been mortgaged to the last dollar in order to assist expansion, so that not another cent could be borrowed to tide over present difficulty.

He knew that the notes for \$50,000 covering the loan to Wallace Carpenter came due in three months. He knew from the long table of statistics which he was eternally preparing and comparing that the season's cut should have netted a profit of \$200,000 enough to pay the interest on the mortgages, to take up the notes and to furnish a working capital for the ensuing year. These things he knew in the strange, concrete, arithmetical manner of the routine bookkeeper. Other men saw a desperate phase of firm rivalry. He saw a struggle to the uttermost. Other men cheered a rescue. He thrilled over the magnificent gesture of the gambler scattering his stake in largesse to death.

It was the simple turning of the hand from full breathed prosperity to lifeless failure.

His view was the inverse of his master's. To Thorpe it had suddenly become a very little thing in contrast to the great, sweet, elemental truth that the dream girl had enunciated. To Collins the affair was miles vaster than the widest scope of his own narrow life.

The firm could not take up its notes when they came due; it could not pay the interest on the mortgages, which would now be foreclosed; it could not even pay in full the men who had worked for it—that would come under a court's adjudication.

He had therefore watched Thorpe's desperate rally to mend the weakened chain in all the suspense of a man whose entire universe is in the keeping of the chance moment. It must be remembered that at bottom, below the outer consciousness, Thorpe's final decision had already grown to maturity. On the other hand, no other thought than that of accomplishment had even entered the little bookkeeper's head. The rescue and all that it had meant had hit him like a stroke of apoplexy, and his thin emotions had curdled to hysteria. Full of the idea he appeared before the men.

With rapid, almost incoherent speech he poured it out to them. Professional caution and secrecy were forgotten. Wallace Carpenter attempted to push through the ring for the purpose of stopping him. A gigantic river man kindly but firmly held him back.

"I guess it's just as well we hears this," said the latter.

It all came out—the loan to Carpenter, with a hint at the motive; the machinations of the rival firm on the board of trade; the notes, the mortgages, the necessity of a big season's cut; the reasons the rival firm had for wishing to prevent that cut from arriving at the market; the desperate and varied means they had employed. The men listened, silent. Hamilton, his eyes glowing like coals, drank in every word. Here was the master motive he had sought; here was the story great to his hand.

"That's what we ought to get!" cried Collins, almost weeping. "And now we're yours and bust just because that

infernal river hog had to fall off a boom! It's a shame! Those scoundrels have done us after all!"

Out from the shadows of the woods stole Injun Charley. The whole bearing and aspect of the man had changed. His eye gleamed with a distant, farseeing fire of its own, which took no account of anything but some remote vision. He stole along almost furtively, but with a proud, upright carriage of his neck, a backward tilt of his fine head, a distension of his nostrils, that lent to his appearance a panther-like pride and stealthiness. No one saw him. Suddenly he broke through the group and mounted the steps beside Collins.

"The enemy of my brother is gone," said he simply in his native tongue, and with a sudden gesture held out before them—a scalp.

The medieval barbarity of the thing appalled them for a moment. The days of scalpings were long since past, had been closed away between the pages of forgotten histories, and yet here again before them was the thing in all its living horror. Then a growl arose. The human animal had tasted blood.

All at once, like wine, their wrongs mounted to their head. They remembered their dead comrades. They remembered the heart breaking days and nights of toll they had endured on account of this man and his associates. They remembered the words of Collins, the little bookkeeper. They hated. They shook their fists across the skies. They turned and with one accord struck back for the railroad right of way which led to Shingleville, the town controlled by Morrison & Daly.

The railroad lay for a mile straight through a thick tamarack swamp, then over a nearly treeless cranberry plain. The tamarack was a screen between the two towns. When half way through the swamp Red Jacket stopped, removed his coat, ripped the lining from it and began to fashion a rude mask.

"Just as well they don't recognize us," said he.

"Somebody in town will give us away," suggested Shorty, the chore boy. "No, they won't; they're all here," assured Kerlie.

It was true. Except for the women and children, who were not yet about, the entire village had assembled. Even old Vanderhoof, the fire catcher of the yard, hobbled along breathlessly on his rheumatic legs. In a moment more the masks were fitted; in a moment more the little band had emerged from the shelter of the swamp and so came into full view of its objective point.

Shingleville consisted of a big mill, the yards, now nearly empty of lumber, the large frame boarding house, the office, the stable, a store, two saloons and a dozen dwellings. The party at once fixed its eyes on this collection of buildings and trudged on down the right of way with unbending grimness.

Their approach was not unobserved. Daly saw them, and Baker, his foreman, saw them. The two at once went forth to organize opposition. When the attacking party reached the mill yard it found the boss and the foreman standing alone on the sawdust, revolvers drawn.

Daly traced a line with his toe. "The first man that crosses that line gets it," said he.

They knew he meant what he said. An instant's pause ensued, while the big man and the little faced a mob. Daly's river men were still on drive. He knew the mill men too well to depend on them. Truth to tell, the possibility of such a raid as this had not occurred to him for the simple reason that he did not anticipate the discovery of his complexity with the forces of nature. Skillfully carried out, the plan was a good one. No one need know of the weakened link, and it was the most natural thing in the world that Sadler & Smith's drive should go out with the increase of water.

The men grouped swiftly and silently on the other side of the sawdust line. The pause did not mean that Daly's defense was good.

"Do you know what's going to happen to you?" said a voice from the group. The speaker was Radway, but the contractor kept himself well in the background. "We're going to burn your mill; we're going to burn your whole shooting match, you low lived whelp!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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